

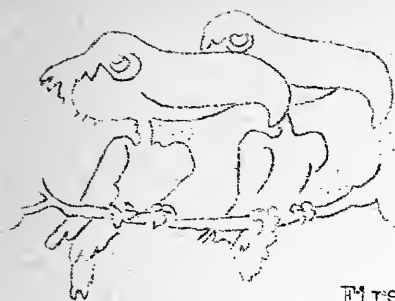
NORTHERN JOURNAL

25¢



VOL 5

NO 8



TAKE IT OR

LEAVE IT

First, a word of apology. Through a stupid oversight an important byline was omitted from the fine article describing life at New Hampshire Folk Dance Camp last fall. Credit should go to a very talented young man - DICK CASTNER. Sorry Dick, it will be a long time before it happens again.

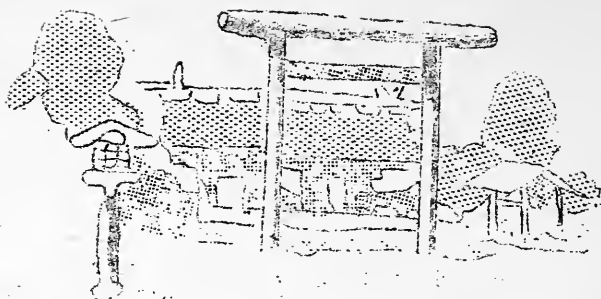
I wonder how many of you caught the program on WBZ TV December 22 ? Their Christmas Festival, 3:30-4:40 was hosted by Carl de Suze and featured folk dancing by Lithuanian, Polish, and Swedish young people. Familiar dances to New England Folk Festival members, the Malunas, Krakowiak, and Vava Wadmal thrilled thousands of non-folk-dancing viewers. More and more I am becoming convinced that New England does not need to take a back seat for anybody from anywhere when it comes to its ethnic folk dance groups, and I liked to burst with pride watching the young dancers performing flawlessly.

In accolade, too, to the instructors Mme Ona Ivask and Axel Sponberg, not only for their excellent teaching of the figures, but more important, imparting to their pupils the more important ingredient of spirit and genuine love of the dances.

And now, may I be included among the hundred or so folks who have wished you and yours a VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR?

Sincerely

Ralph



CONTRAS AND KIMONOS

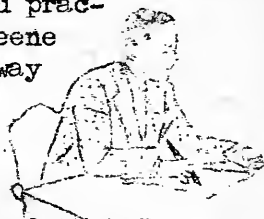
by Ralph Page

Write about Japan? Why not? Everybody else does! However, I'd like to be a little different from the others - I was there but seven weeks and have no intention of being considered an authority on the country. Perhaps if I'd spent less time there I could qualify. That is about the way it works out you know - spend a vacation of two weeks somewhere and upon returning home you begin speaking in a good loud voice and are considered a qualified authority. If you don't believe that is so, read or listen to some of our Senators after they get home from a junket abroad.

Our trip was sponsored in this country by the U.S. State Department, Specialists Branch, of the International Exchange of Persons Division and the National Recreation Association. In Japan our sponsors were the Asahi Press, Ministry of Education, National Recreation Association of Japan, and the many local Boards of Education. We left home April 1st and returned May 20th and I'll try to tell you some of the things that happened in between those dates. Our group consisted of Michael & Mary Ann Herman of New York City; Jane Farwell of Wisconsin; Nelda Lindsay of Texas; and myself.

The last ten days of March were hectic to say the

least. I was trying to get out an issue of Northern Junket - and did; trying to find time to run off the New Hampshire Folk Dance Camp Syllabus - which I didn't; keeping up to date with all incoming mail; getting the last of my "shots" at the clinic; keeping up a fairly busy dance schedule. Also, to add to my worries, my passport had not come through. Letters to my Senator, Representative, NRA, and chief of the Specialists Division in the State Department started something alright, for within a week after writing to them there came word that it had been processed and two days before leaving home it arrived by air mail special delivery. Then the plane reservations! The State Department insisted that I go by way of Albany, N.Y. via Mohawk Airlines, take an American Airliner there to Buffalo, another to Chicago, and still another from there to San Francisco. The idea was excellent since from a swivel chair in Washington, D.C. it gives you practically a straight line flight from Keene to San Francisco, but that ain't the way it works out. To begin with, Mohawk has no Keene-Albany flights. A letter to Washington explaining it brought the reply that the schedule was due to change April 1st, and I was reassured that I could fly Keene to Albany with no trouble at all. Another call, this time in person at the Mohawk office in Boston elicited the scornful comment: "Well, -- of course Uncle Sam knows all the answers; we only fly the planes. But I suggest that if you are planning on a Keene-Albany flight, that you make it by private plane and not via Mohawk Airlines." He was right; it's now September 15th and still there is no direct Keene-Albany flight. So, I began the journey via Northeast Airlines to New York, then American to San Francisco, which was the way I wanted to go anyway.



It had been agreed that we would rendezvous at the Baldwin Hotel in San Francisco, and we did that, in time. If you recall, that was just when the midwest was plagued by a series of tornadoes, and they changed our flight schedule considerably. My plane landed at San Francisco hours late because we flew several hun-

dreds of miles out of our normal course trying to get around the storms, finally having to fly directly through one at 18,000 feet - interesting, especially since we were eating supper at the time! Jane Farwell was flown about as many miles north of the normal course and didn't get to the hotel until noon next day; Nelda Lindsay got in soon after; and the Hermans, after being grounded most of the night in Chicago, got to the Baldwin just as we were going out to supper.

I was at the Japanese Consulate before the doors opened that first morning, to get my passport properly visaed, and by 4 p.m. Jane and I were certified to enter Japan, but Nelda, in typical manana fashion waited until afternoon before applying, so it was not until 10 a.m. the morning of our flight to Japan, that we were positive about leaving as a group.



The two days in California were just what the doctor ordered for it gave us a chance to get a couple of night's sleep, do a little last minute shopping, and an opportunity for the five of us to have a real good gab session about the coming trip. We had no more idea than the Man in the Moon about what lay ahead of us, but the talks served a soporific purpose on our minds and we felt a lot better because of them.

Americans are the best grippers in the world, especially when it comes to the government. We hate the endless miles of red-tape that goes with every governmental operation, but let me say here and now, when you travel at the government's expense from one country to another, you travel first class. The State Department will settle for nothing less, and so it was with us. Once we got to the International Airport in San Francisco we were taken in hand by the marvelously trained personnel of Pan-American Airlines and all of our worries stopped as of that moment. We had been given reserved seats in the middle of the plane right op-

posite the entrance door, and we felt like important dignitaries when the steward personally escorted us from the airport lounge to the plane, wished us God speed, and told the hostesses that we were State Department employees and to see that we lacked for nothing throughout the trip. The last bit of advice was superfluous, for everybody on Pan-Am gets the full treatment. Before we were completely aware of it we were speeding down the runway and were up and away right on time to the minute, 11:40 a.m. April 4, 1956.

Soon after take-off the hostesses demonstrate how to put on and inflate an air jacket - a rather gruesome introduction to transocean flight, but one we heard repeated several times before getting home. It brought the remark by one of the passengers that the first leg of the journey would be non-stop to Honolulu. You think "It had better be non-stop, there's nothing but water between California and Hawaii". At 10,000 feet the ride is as smooth as your Boston rocker, and it seems like most of the daylight hours are spent in eating. First it is lunch, and you have scarcely settled back in your reclining chair when the hostesses

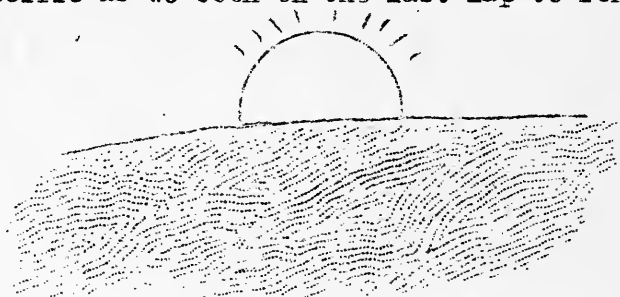


and steward walk by with trays full of fruit; then it is a snack; and then it is coffee or tea. As I mentioned earlier, when you travel first class, it's first class in every sense of the word.

We had three hours in Honolulu and it was delightful. It was early evening of a moonlit night and the moment we stepped from the plane we found the air heavy with the scent of flowers, a combination of odors, sort of a mixture of cinnamon, clove and something else too exotic to describe. Everyone in the air

port was wearing flowers; around the neck in great strings of leis; in the ladies' hair; in the gentlemen's lapels. A phone call to Captain Arnold, USN. brought he and his family to the airport for an hour of excited chit-chat over tall glasses of fruit juice. All too soon the impersonal voice of the flight announcer boomed from the loudspeaker for all continuing passengers to board the plane. Soon, the whole passenger list settled down for a long sleep, lulled to rest by the droning motors.

Wake Island, 5 a.m. Most of us roused up before landing, for coming down to land we flew through a thunder storm and it was a little "bumpy". Not enough to give it a second thought but enough to wake us from a sound sleep. Coffee, muffins, and fruit juice were "on the house" and it seemed quite romantic to walk down the road from the lunch room to the airport chattering like a group of school children, strolling into the off-shore breeze. The sun was just rising out of the Pacific as we took on the last lap to Tokyo.



Somewhere between Hawaii and Wake we had crossed the international date line; it was now tomorrow and we had never lived today! April 5th 1956 is a day we never saw, nor never will! It seemed utterly fantastic but it was true. We set our watches to Tokyo time; itemized the contents of our baggage for the Japanese Customs; read a few chapters in a detective story; ate breakfast; talked; searched the endless miles of water below us for some signs of life; ate a mid-morning snack; read; napped; talked; time stood still. It was the longest part of our journey it seemed. Ate lunch, and suddenly there was the coast of Japan ahead of us and in the distance Mt Fujiyama white in the noonday

sun, gleamed above the clouds on our left. Smoothly, swiftly, the giant ship rolled down the runway; the landing ramp bumped softly against the plane; the door opened and we were walking down the stairs vaguely aware that we were right on time to the minute, 12:30 noon, of a warm and cloudy day. We were in Japan.



On the ground all was turmoil and confusion; news reel cameras, press photographers, and a half dozen amateur photographers were snapping pictures like madmen, and flash bulbs exploded like noiseless firecrackers. Even the ship's crew seemed excited and posed with us for anyone who wanted a shot. On the observation deck were hundreds of people waving and calling to us, among them Earle Buckley of the Tokyo YMCA, the man responsible for our being there. Two distinguished looking gentlemen were the first to greet us as we stepped to the ground; they were Mr. Robert Black and Mr. William DeMeyer of the Exchange of Persons Branch of the American Embassy who led us easily and without fuss through Customs, and then upstairs to the main lounge and the throng of Japanese people waiting to meet us.

We lined up and formed sort of an unofficial receiving line and introductions flow thick and fast -- so fast and continuous that we could remember but few names and no official titles. I doubt if we were expected to. Earl Buckley did the honors and we bowed, shook hands, and murmured polite words expressing our gratitude at meeting them. We could do no more than that, and we said the same words to everyone along with a nice smile, that we hoped would overcome our lack of knowledge of the Japanese language. Throughout the introductions the photographers, scattered all over the

place, had themselves a field day. At the conclusion three sweet little girls aged about twelve came forward and presented Mary Ann, Jane and Nelda each with a huge bouquet - the first of many to come.

Leaving the airport we were given a taste of what was to come - we were not allowed to carry a single thing, not even my camera, which for a time I thought had been stolen, or lost in the crowd surrounding us. This was an insult to our friends for one of the interpreters, Yamada-San, had it over his shoulder, and he reassured me that all was well. That was the first and last time during the entire trip that I had the slightest qualms about losing anything.

About a dozen official Asahi Press cars awaited us, each car flying the official Asahi Press flag - a white background with a blazing red circle in one corner, with red stripes extending from the circle to the outer edge of the standard. The cars were Cadilacs, no less, and we rode, one to a car, the other seats occupied by some of our newly-made Japanese friends. I rode in the embassy car along with Messrs Black and De Meyer. Our luggage was somewhere behind us in another car, and all in all, the parade must have numbered at least a score of cars besides the official ones.



The embassy chauffeur knew a lot of short cuts along narrow side streets, and my first glimpses of Japan caught me gawking like a school boy at the small stores lining the streets and at the mobs of people walking along the street. With a flourish we drove up

to the Akasaka Prince hotel; found that our reservations had all been taken care of ahead of time, and were conducted upstairs to our rooms. I had been given a room that had originally been the bedroom of the first owner, a Korean prince - for whom the hotel was named - and it was of magnificent proportions, easily twenty feet square, opening out onto a verandah twice that size. Since it was the largest of the three rooms reserved for us, it soon became the central gathering place for all of us.

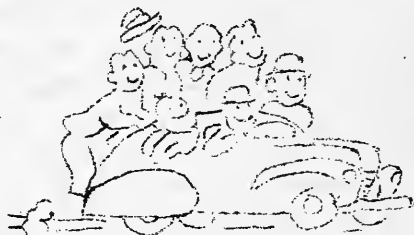
We barely had time to freshen up and contrive a change of clothes before being ushered into the dining room, where we were officially received by members of the Asahi Press and the National Recreation Association of Japan and the Ministry of Education. The none at the airport had been impromptu; this was for real. I have long since forgotten what we ate, except the opening course of cream of mushroom soup - delicious! Oh yes, the beer was equally delicious too! Each of us was formally introduced and we had to respond with a few words. This was something we were not prepared to do and we wondered what kind of an impression we made.



Was this the end? Indeed it was not! Upstairs again to a small side room and we were introduced to our first conference. The Japanese dearly love a conference, and this was only the first of many of them. For the first time we took off our shoes before entering a room, sat on cushions on the floor at a low

table about twelve inches high, and drank innumerable cups of green tea while discussing the coming tour. We heard that we had been booked into 21 cities and that every class would number several hundred, and right then and there we looked sceptically at each other and thought that it was merely polite conversation to make us feel good. If we had but known that our average class would number between five and six hundred we would probably have dropped dead!

By the time the conference ended it was nearly eight o'clock. Earle suggested that it would be nice to see something of Tokyo, and we all agreed that it would be so. So, the six of us piled into his Austin



and were taken on a tour of some of the side streets of the city, and right then I lost at least ten years of my life, and perhaps this would be as good a time as any to give you an inkling of what traffic is like in Tokyo - and anywhere else in Japan for that matter.

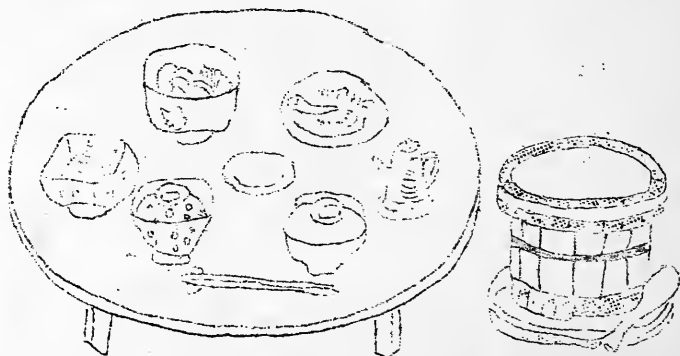
To begin with, all traffic moves to the left, which is frightening enough to an American. Traffic is terrific and cars go like crazy and why a million people are not killed daily is something I'll never understand. Let's take a section of your own home-town, say a quarter mile long. Now along that quarter-mile section of thoroughfare let's send at least twenty taxis or privately owned cars, going in each direction; at least a dozen motorcycles, and as many bicycles. On the sidewalks let's send three or four hundred people who will cross the street anywhere and at anytime without looking at the traffic, and we mustn't forget to include six or seven three-wheeled pick-up trucks. About every fifteen minutes - if it is a main street,

and it is! - we'll have a diesel powered streetcar, loaded to capacity, pass down the street. Do you have the picture? NOW, every taxi, every privately owned car will be blowing its horn continuously; every motor cyclist will be tooting his horn; every bicyclist will have a small brass horn in his mouth and will be tooting on that; and the street car will let choose it's diesel-powered whistle which is identical to the ones used on our passenger trains, and when that sound is bounced back and forth from one building to another you will grow hair where no hair grew before! Every last one of the pedestrians will be shouting at the top of his lungs - you have to in order to be heard two feet away! - this will give you some idea of what traffic is like and what it sounds like in Japan. We were told that Tokyo is the noisiest city in the world, and I do not wish to take away of the honor accruing to it, but when we were there, Osaka beat it by many decibels. As if this were not nerve-wracking enough, the people walk across the street whenever they want to, looking neither to left or right. Driving is done by horn, but for the life of me I never saw the advantage since no one paid the slightest attention.

We drove down many side streets barely wide enough for the little Austin to negotiate without hitting the buildings on either side, and I know that there is a permanent bulge in the floor boards on the right hand side, for I was sitting beside Earle, and when my eyes weren't closed to escape the horror of seeing a dozen people run down, I was helping put on the brakes as hard as I could push. Many times we had to stop to allow the people to walk by, such utter diddain do they hold for any and all automobiles. They seemed to say: "I was here first, and I'll be here long after these four-wheeled monstrosities are forgotten"! It was wonderful and I wouldn't have missed it for the world, even if what hair I have did turn several shades grayer before getting back to the hotel.

We visited a small restaurant, and got our first taste of a Japanese delicacy - raw fish. We tried two kinds; white, which is by far the most common, and red.

The first is usually carp, sometimes squid, and I never did get to relish it to any great extent. The red fish I could have eaten and liked. It was cut from a big piece that looked like and had the texture of rare roast beef, and strangely enough I thought it tasted faintly like beef. I never did learn what kind of fish it was, since we rarely met up with it. We sat at a counter, where we could watch the man forming rice to the correct shape in the palms of his hands, before folding a piece of fish around it. This is called nigiri-zushi I believe, and is very popular in Tokyo, so much so that in some districts it is called Tokyo-zushi. The other customers in the shop seemed surprised and pleased at hearing Buckley speak fluent Japanese, and we could see them watching us closely - when they thought we were not noticing - to catch our reaction to the snack before us. We dipped the fish into a tiny cup containing soy sauce into which had been mixed a teaspoon of white horse radish. The soy sauce replaced the use of salt and the horse radish was for added flavor - and brother was it hot! Another place we visited that night served us coffee and what seemed to be Danish pastry. Whatever it was, it was delicious, - the coffee was nice and strong too. Incidentally, at no time did we have any difficulty obtaining excellent coffee; some places served as many as ten different kinds, ranging from Colombian, which is the world's best, to many kinds from Java. There was one kind called Blue Mountain, which was the strongest coffee I've ever tasted. Jane and Michael liked it, but one cupful was enough for me.

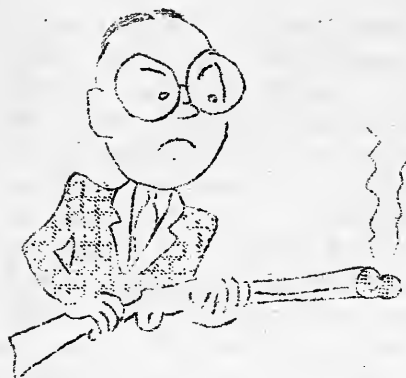


Japanese tea is a most delectable drink and we drank gallons of green tea before the trip was over. It amused me no end to note the manner in which it was made. You know how our friends in England insist on measuring just the right amount and insisting it be steeped just so many minutes in a pre-heated earthen pot? Well, this is how the Japanese do it. They take a handful from the canister, toss it into an earthen pot pour boiling water over it, and serve immediately. And if you don't say that it is the most refreshing drink you ever tasted, then something is the matter with you. The tea cups come in a wide variety of sizes but none of them have handles to hook your fingers through. No saucers either.

And speaking of dishes. Throughout our trip we were served meals on a wide variety of them in dozens of shapes and color combinations. The Japanese ask: "Why must a dish always be round?" A good question indeed. We ate from many shaped like leaves of trees; from rectangular dishes with sloping sides; from egg-shaped ones; diamond shaped ones; dishes made to look like lily pads, or flowers. And because I might be eating from one shaped like a rose petal was no reason to think that Michael, who might have been sitting beside me, was eating from one just like it - he might be relishing his food from a dish shaped like a half moon. But much of this can wait for future issues; I know that you are waiting to get on with the dancing.

to be continued





AN INDITEMENT

by ED DURLACHER

At times it is most amusing (?) to read various Square Dance magazines and to note letters from this or that area. They report in superlative tones of the 'goodness' of what their Clubs are doing in the interest of promoting square dancing. Also, if it were not for Magazine X they just could not exist from month to month; how th-riiiled they are because Caller Q is to make a stop-over to call JUST for them; how all is "milk and honey" amongst the members of their own club and associate clubs.

Then too, it is always fun (?) to read certain editorials of the fence-straddling, mealy-mouthed editors who, with tongue in cheek make several about faces in one sentence to keep in the good graces of their readers.

I say it is 'amusing' and 'fun' because I often wonder what would happen if these people would ever have to appear on the TV show "Truth or Consequences".

Let's take a rundown of what I have observed and heard in the past five years of visiting 265 cities in 43 states. In each city I have listened to the pros and cons and, in the limited time - several days - observed the actions of callers and dancers. Then, after leaving, kept in touch with these areas in order to follow up what was happening at the time of my visit.

In 96% of the cities I have seen NO superlative doings in the increasing of popularity in square dancing for the general public. I have however, found great joy among the dwindling few on their ability to conquer certain patterns that have been nightmaréd up by certain of the 'false prophets' wandering around the country, or by those who wish to see their name in print. The term I hear so very much was 'HIGH LEVEL' dancing for HIGH LEVEL dancers. Then they spoke of Beginners classes, but I seldom if ever heard of OPEN dances where it would be possible for anyone interested to go to a square dance just for the absolute enjoyment of recreating with others. Yes, I have heard of so called 'open' dances where, IF you were a member of ANOTHER club you would be welcomed upon supplying certain credentials. For the vast number of HIGH levelers to think of a neophyte attending one of their dances would be heresy - how 'vedy, vedy dreadful my deah!'



When I think of the value (?) of certain magazines aiding the clubs, I shudder. Most of the magazines get away with unholy murder. Many times in metro politan areas I have paused to listen to sidewalk pitchmen - supposedly the finest in the business. They just couldn't hold a candle to some of our HUCKSTER editors. (You may wonder why I am using one of the square dance magazines to tell this woeful tale. I chose NORTHERN JUNKET because it is one of the few magazines whose editor not only fights the good fight for

square dancing, but also because he investigates those who send in articles, and visits the areas himself to make sure it is true.) Now, let's go on. One Magazine, that uses every huckster method known, does more to HARM square dancing than to help it. It is never published without ten or more dances (?) that serve to confuse and frustrate the readers. By the time they have done mental gymnastics to get through two or three dances, PRESTO, out comes the next issue. Reason for so many dances? It gives his readers an opportunity of getting their name in print, so that their friends can see it. Does it matter to the editor that only a math major can work it out? Of course not. His job is to get circulation to MAKE A BUCK. A pitchman selling this kind of junk must always be on the lookout for the police. Ye editor however, gets by because no law has ever been set up for what appears in a magazine with the exception of filth articles. Couched in flowery English they could even get away with this.

After listening to so-called 'name' callers I wonder what type of square dancer we have today? In the many years I have been connected with this activity I have found that the REAL square dancer loves and respects his OWN caller over any Tom, Dick, or Harry from outside. To them HE is the best caller in the country. They know what he is going to call and HOW he is going to call it. They dance to him in total relaxation and are never so confused that they walk off the floor in absolute frustration. Unless Caller Q leaves the HIGH level dancer in confusion and frustration the High level dancer is not satisfied. He actually believes that this is important and that he must accept a challenge. He is told by said caller, that unless square dancers accept all of HIS material, that square dancing will die. I often wonder how square dancing continued to live through the past hundred and fifty years before these people came into existence.

Milk and Honey in clubs? That, to me is the most laughable statement of ANY year. By and large there is so much friction among the membership that after a year or two the club either folds or is broken up into

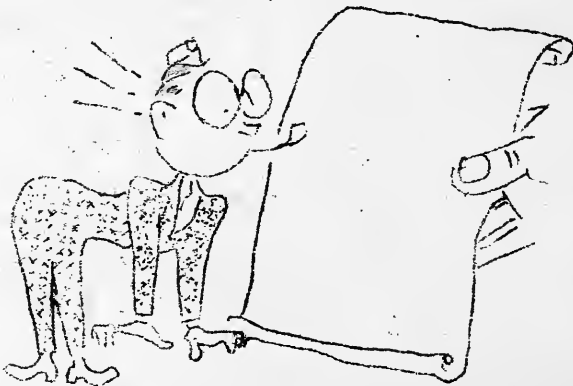
two or three clubs, and then they all fold due to continued friction. Milk and Honey among associated clubs? Who is kidding whom? In visiting around the country and through my 'grapevine' all I hear is this or that club sending its members out to STEAL dancers from the others. Instead of welcoming new people, and going out after them, they would rather do the former so they can continue their mad dash to nowhere.

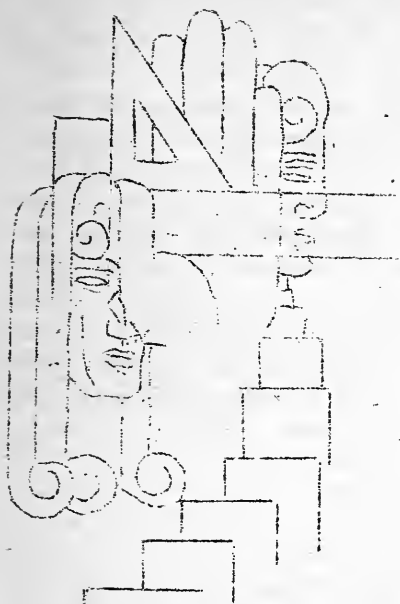
Callers per se. There are today three types of callers. I call them HONEST, DISHONEST, and HOBBY. Let's take 'em one by one. (a) The club caller. Usually we find 25% of the members able to call two, three or four calls. They do it for their own fun, the enjoyment of the membership. Some are good, some (?). They listen to a record, memorize the calls, flip it over and away they go. If they make a mistake the floor howls with laughter and all have a grand time. HE is an HONEST caller. (b) The so-called HOBBY caller. He is the guy who glues his ear to a record, memorizes it like a parrot, and then goes out and charges for his services. He never studies a call to see if it CAN work out. He never opens a book to LEARN how to teach. In fact, in teaching he simply talks the same words of the call, and if he is interrupted, must go back to the beginning, because he cannot teach a figure by itself. Listening to him you have the impression that the caller who recorded the call is on the stand. This guy even steals the callers diction and intonation, and if he ever sees him in person will even rob his mannerisms. Listening to him cry about all the money he has invested in amplifier and records, you would actually think he was losing money on the entire deal. Actually, the vast majority are making more money with 90% less effort than they are in their own vocations. HE is the DISHONEST caller. Put him in front of a live orchestra and he is a dead dog. Sorry to use the word "dog". I like them. I can think of several other words, but why go into it further? (c) The commercial, or professional caller. This is the



caller who is so looked down on by the HIGH levelers. He is the one who studies his business from absolute basics. The caller who can take any size group, measure them up in the first set, and then give them the evening of their lives. He can call squares, contras, lancers, waltz quadrilles, progressive circle dances, and teach each figure at ANY place in the dance, so simply that a raw beginner will understand it. He is at home with live music or recordings; never fills up his mouth so full of words that he cannot accentuate the directive calls over the fill-in lines; and charges a price commensurate with the job. HE is an HONEST caller.

To finish this inditement, and that is what it is MEANT to be, there is nothing wrong with square dancing that we cannot correct. All that is necessary is for EVERYONE connected in the activity to go back to their FUN days; to the dances they loved to do; to the dances that have lived through the many, many years. Not that new dances shall NOT be done. Not that at all. Simply that the magazines stop putting out dances that are impossible. For clubs to invite, every other meeting, friends to come in and help them through the dance with decency, rather than glowering looks and snarls. Bring it back to the RECREATIONAL activity that it is supposed to be. Bring it back to SQUARE dancing rather than the HYPOTHENOUS dance it is today.





FOLKLORE OF THE DANCE

Compiled by Maurice Henni-
gar & The Recreation Lead-
ership Group, Tatamagouche
Nova Scotia, 1955

Let us roll back the years and find ourselves among the peoples of ancient times when dancing played an important part in the daily lives of people. The dances of this period were characterized by either solemn quality or wild, vigorous movements, and were to attract good spirits or frighten the evil ones.

Each season found these primitive people with a different dancing aim. The purpose of the spring dance might be to celebrate the conquest of the powers of light over darkness, while that of the harvest was chiefly one of thanksgiving.

The processional in the English dance "Green-sleeves" signifies the influence of religion on the dance. Religious services were often introduced with a processional and ended with a recessional. This custom is still maintained in certain church rituals of today but the dancing which formerly was a part of each service is no longer followed. The procession in "Green-sleeves" is representative of the folk gathering and proceeding to the village green to witness the celebra

tions of special days.

The star figure, so common in folk dances of all nations, is representative of the morning and evening dance of primitive people in which they circled to the right to welcome the sun into the sky, and to the left in the evening, thus trying to prevent the setting of the sun. Night to primitive people was an unsafe part of each day, with the uncertainty that the sun would ever rise again. Thus, many of the folk dances of contemporary nations are modern vestiges of ancient religious rites, although the special significance of these sources of origin have in many instances been lost.



Through religion we may trace back the history of such present-day dance figures as the circle. The circle resembles the open rounds of Greece, and in general, forms part of the significance of early pagan dances to propitiate serpent gods. Serpents were representative of fertility. Serpentine figures are common among the nations of today, and you may even find them in American square dances, such as "Grapevine Twist."

Arches and bridges also held a sacred and vital part in the lives of our ancestors. By passing under a "bridge" formed by the other dancers, getting caught and making their decisions, they believed that they could determine their salvation or destruction. Bridges have always played a significant part in the lives of people. In order that they might be fully protected living human beings, many times children, were built into bridges, so that their spirits could protect the bridge from harm.

As the folk dance "London Bridge" passed from one generation to another, the original names of "Heaven and Hell" were changed to "Apples and Oranges". The tag of war ending the dance, was to determine whether the forces of Heaven or Hell were stronger. Thus to the early people, the bridge symbolized the connecting

link between life in the present and in the hereafter.

About the same period, marriage dances were very common. An outstanding feature of many such dances was the limping step. According to ancient folklore the limp symbolized the bride's incomplete personality. The complete development of her personality occurs only upon her transition into a new existence of marriage.



Circling movements in dancing stem from the worship of primitive peoples about the sacred tree in which lived the tree sprite. It also is a remnant of other pagan rites, including human sacrifice. This circling was most often carried during rites of fertility during the spring planting season in order that the worship of the gods of fertility would bring about the successful germination of the seed and a lavish growth of the crops. Dancing towards and away from the center is significant of this pagan worship.

Dancing about a pole, which historians believe is an outgrowth of the dancing about a sacred tree in spring fertility rites, is common to many countries. The "Blandltanz" of Southern Bavaria, involves dancing about a pole to which is attached many colored ribbons. These are twisted and braided during the course of the dance, a feature of the traditional Maypole dance performed on May Day in many countries.

It was the Trade Guilds of the Middle Ages which promoted the occupational dances, thus laying the foundation of many of our folk dances of today, such as:- The Shoemaker, The Tailor, The Weaver, The Farmer, The Blacksmith, and The Butcher. These dances were created for their festive days and Guild celebrations and danced to promote the various trades by their own groups.

Perhaps the most prominent theme responsible for the evolution of a number of dances is "War". The men,

women, and children placed great faith in different dances, each having a specific aim. For example, the men in preparing for attacks upon their enemies firmly believed that the beating of drums, the blood-curdling yells, and violent body movements increased their courage and strength, enabling them to overcome the enemy. They even went so far as to anticipate in movement and pantomime what they expected to happen to their foes.

Modern folk dances directly related to war are the "Highland Fling" and the "Sword Dances." The Sword Dances, performed on the eve of battle, called for great agility and ingenuity on the part of the performers when a slip or the touching of the crossed swords around which he danced was interpreted as an evil omen for the next day's encounter. The Highland Fling was first danced in celebration of victory and performed therefore, after a successful battle.

Folk dancing is becoming more and more popular and these few notes may make it even more enjoyable.



IF THE COAT

FITS

by Ed Moody



Every time I am invited to some caller's meeting, some character starts a discussion by asking the moderator what is the proper way to balance. There are at least 54 proper ways to balance and each one has its correct place in some good dance, but the yak-yak that follows is always good for at least three-quarters of an hour of drab discussion that is finally brought to a head by some unthinking or unknowing em-

bryo caller, and seconded by another of the same ilk, then voted unanimously, that that group will teach the balance first on the right(left)foot, then on the left (right)foot, and everybody lives happily til someone attempts to teach a contra or traditional quadrille where the proper choreography calls for a fast reverse of that unanimous vote. The question will never be settled as long as we have new callers coming along who think that they can standardize an unstandardizable term before they learn dancing themselves. And why must they always think there is but one way to do the figure anyway?



The next unsettled, and never to be settled question, always good for another wasted 45 to 60 minutes is: "What is tradition?" Surely any definition in any dictionary published over five years ago is incorrect. You can generally count on some 'Answer it yourself' addict, asking the question, and then spending 15 to 20 minutes of good dancing time in replying to himself before the others can get into the melee and waste another half hour attempting to settle the unseettleable. In this accelerated living of ours, more is accomplished in 20 minutes than was accomplished in 20 years two hundred years ago, or in 200 years, two thousand years ago. The time necessary for things to become traditional has also accelerated.

In order to thoroughly kill off all these beneficial Caller's organizations, from which the better

callers are already staying away in large numbers because of the boring discussions using time that should be used to improve the quality of callers and teachers techniques, let's set up a third question to which there is no answer, but plenty of meat for more tiresome harangue. "What is folk dancing?" Here's my answer for the boys to toss around. What's folk? Dictionary---Folk are nations, families, groups of people, young or old. So Folk dancing is English dancing, Italian dancing, Egyptian dancing, Esquimo dancing, African dancing, Early American quadrilles, New England Contra dances, pure western quadrille dancing and the modern American folk dancing - the jitterbug and the Rock and Roll. Let's show some of this pure American folk dancing at our festivals cutting down some of the time consumed in those seemingly endless demonstration sets, showing us how the Welsh or the Greeks or the Polus did it 200 years ago. A little Danish, a little Scottish, a little New England, a little Rock and Roll might make a very interesting program and certainly a more representative one. Chew on that for a while.

Write for catalog: Tony Selisky, 547 Marlboro ST. Keene, NH

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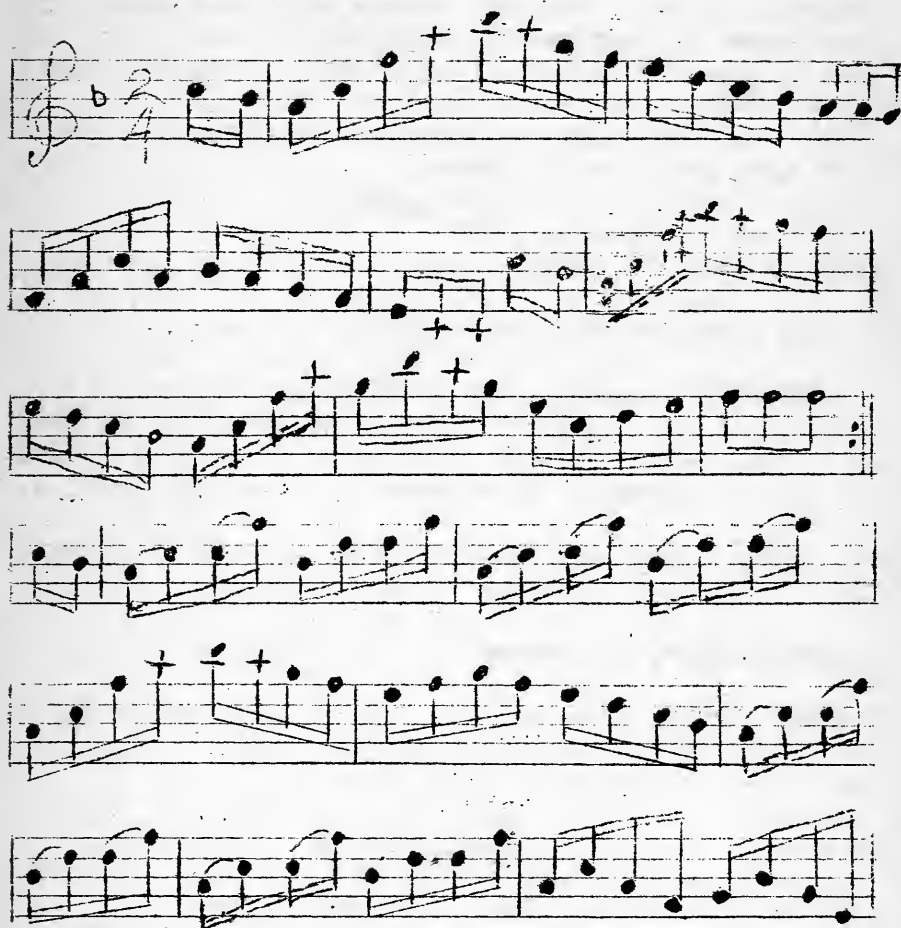
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CONTRA DANCE

Atlantic Hornpipe*The Dance*

Directions for "Atlantic Hornpipe"

Couples 1,3,5, etc. active
Cross over before dance starts

Calls are for active couples

Follow your lady down the outside below one gent
Then cross the set to the other side
And follow your lady down the outside below one lady
Up the center just one place to a
Right hand star with the couple above (1&2)(3&4)etc
Left hand star back to place
Circle four with the couple below
The other way back to place
And the same two ladies chain

Repeat dance as often as desired

The Atlantic Hornpipe, an old tune - mostly - and a new dance, was created by Miss Louise Winston of Jamaica Plain, Mass. who says the inspiration for the first figure came from the Scottish dance "Grant's Rant".

The above version is for experienced contra dancers - the one below Louise says is much easier:

Couples 1,4,7, etc active. Do NOT cross over

Active couples promenade as a couple - active gentle - men picks up his lady as she steps across the set to him - Down the outside below one couple
Promenade across the set to the other side
Promenade down the outside below one couple
And up the center just one place
To a right hand star with the couple above
Left hand star back to place
Circle six hands around and back
Right and left with the couple below

Either version is a good dance.

SQUARE DANCE

Suggested music

Old-Time Square from Conn.



Head couples forward & back & circle four with right
hand couple

Repeat with left hand couple

Heads right & left four with right hand couples

Repeat with left hand couples

Heads sashay four with right hand couple (Social dance

Repeat for left hand couples position; slide past
other couples 8 slide
steps, men back to back; Slide back women back to back)

Ladies chain, with the right hand couple

Repeat with the left hand couple

Half promenade with the right hand couple

Half right and left with the same, to place

Repeat with the left hand couple

All join hands, forward and back

All swing partners and promenade

*This figure is from Ralph Sweet, Windsor Locks, Conn. who in turn obtained it from the former Harold Gates of Cromwell, Conn. Since it is a real old timer we have set it to the given music which is part of a quadrille "Nights of Gladness", the first figure, in fact.

Writing about the dance Ralph Sweet says: "In giving the directions, Harold Gates used to say 'The other way' instead of 'with the left hand couple' - this was O.K. if they knew the dance. He also referred to the 'Sashay Four' as 'Balancez', pronounced 'Balansay'. I have heard other callers call it 'Sashay Four' so I adopted it as less confusing. This figure is derived from "Promenade Four", and is called "Balance" or "Balance Four", in many old call books.

The music "Nights of Gladness", is in traditional old-time quadrille style; the style made famous by a great many music publishing houses, such as Elias Howe, J.P. Pepper, Oliver Ditson, E.P. Root, Carl Fisher, etc. We found it in volume 5 of "Collection of Irish Airs, Marches & Dance Tunes" compiled in Ireland by F. Roche. A copy of which was recently sent us from England by Dr. Hugh Thurston, of Bristol, England.

Far be it from us to try to inaugurate a "trend" in anything, least of all dance music, but it would sure be wonderful to once more hear some tunes more in keeping with square dancing than some we've heard recently. Perhaps, after we've gotten rid of a lot of the hanky-panky afflicting modern square dancing, we shall see a return to more tuneful and less raucous type of music.

FOLK DANCE

Oslo Waltz

English
Old Time Dance



The Dance

Part 1 - In couples, with lady on right of her partner, hands joined in a big circle, all facing center.

Gent starts on left foot, and lady on right foot, as all balance forward, then back with one waltz step in each direction. Then ladies let go of left hands and move one place to the right by passing in front of their right hand man with a clockwise turn while taking two waltz steps (R,L,R - L,R,L). Gents assist by swinging lady into the turn with a gentle pull of her right hand. All immediately join hands in circle and repeat three more times, ladies moving one place to the right each time.

Part 2 - Face new partner, and take two-hand hold - gents are now facing the fourth lady who passes in front of him in Part 1. Move sideways to center with a waltz balance step (or a conservative step-swing), then move away from the center with the same step. Drop hands and move towards the center with one solo turn (gents turn counter-clockwise and ladies turn clockwise) using one waltz step in half-time - one waltz step in two measures of music. Rejoin hands and repeat in opposite direction - balance out, then balance in, solo turn away from center.

Part 3 - With two hand hold, take two slides toward center, then two slides away from center (each slide is actually a step-together, requiring three beats). Now take partner in ballroom position and waltz around the circle with four waltz steps. Finish with lady on right of gent, rejoin hands in circle and repeat the dance as often as desired, obtaining a new partner every time.

NOTES

The OSLO WALTZ is a delightful mixer, introduced by Michael & Mary Ann Herman at the Maine and New Hampshire Dance Camps several years ago. The figures are so simple, and the music so beautiful, that this dance

is rapidly becoming a great favorite among folk dance groups everywhere. At Folk Dance House in New York, the Hermans have made it a regular custom to dance the Oslo Waltz as the final dance of the evening, thus providing each dancer the opportunity to say "goodnight" to the many partners they meet in the dance. This custom was carried over to their recent Japanese tour where the Oslo Waltz proved to be a tremendous hit with the Japanese people. If you happen to dance this dance in the same circle as the Hermans, Ralph Page, or any of the other leaders of the Japanese tour, and observe a tear in their eyes, you'll know that they are remembering the many "thank yous" expressed to them as the Japanese dancers passed them in this dance and took this brief opportunity to tell them how much they were enjoying themselves. In a like manner, you should try this dance as a final number and tell the dancers to say a little something to each person they meet - this is a wonderful way to bring an evening to a happy ending.

A wonderful recording of the OSLO WALTZ is available on Folk Dancer, number MH 3016. The other side of this record is the very useable Doudlebska Polka, reviewed in the last issue of Northern Junket. An earlier recording of this dance is also available on an imported Scottish record on 33 1/3. However, this record is quite expensive and, in our opinion, not as desirable as the Folk Dancer one.

(T.S.)

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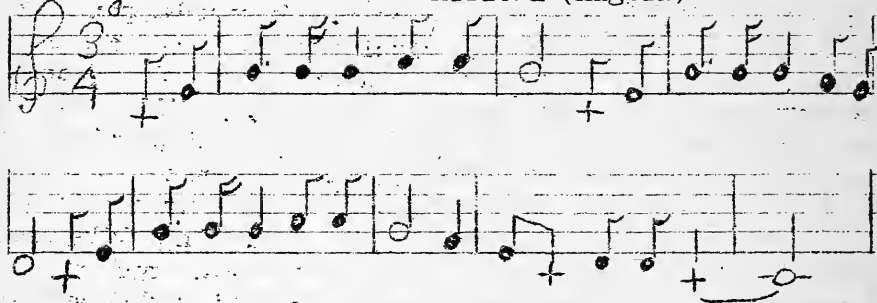


FOLK SONG

COME BY HERE (Kum Ba Yah)

slowly

African (Angola)



Kum ba yah, my Lord, Kum ba yah!
 Kum ba yah, mt Lord, Kum ba yah!
 Kum ba yah, my Lord, Kum ba yah!
 Oh, Lord, Kum ba yah (pronounced - Koom-bah-yah -)

2 - Someone's crying, Lord, Kum ba yah!
 3 - Someone's singing, Lord, Kum ba yah!
 4 - Someone's praying, Lord, Kum ba yah!

Kum ba yah, my Lord, Kum ba yah!
 Kum ba yah, my Lord, Kum ba yah!
 Kum ba yah, my Lord, Kum ba yah!
 Oh, Lord, Kum ba yah!

We learned this little song at the Florida Fellowship Folk Dance Camp 1956 from Marie Armstrong. It's easy simple melody stayed with us for weeks afterward. Try it at your next song session.



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REPORT FROM THE CAPE

by DICK ANDERSON

Jay Schofield will be the caller for the Scargo Squares at their first dance of the season in the newly renovated Carlton Hall, at Dennis, Dec. 4th. This will be a test run for the hall and the club.



Plans are being made by the Brewster PTA to introduce and sponson a Youth Night Program at Brewster for the young people of that town, starting shortly after the first of the year.

Jay Schofield also reports much interest in the Orleans-Eastham area for a square dance program for the young folks, especially after many discouraging episodes with some of the record hops in that area.

We wish to compliment Otis Baker and the Falmouth Square Dance Club for making the front page of the local paper recently with the announcement of the opening of their square dance season. They dance every 2nd & 4th Saturdays at Falmouth Community Building.

New Year's Eve will find Dick Anderson calling for the Bon Air Country Dancers at Bon Air, Va. where plans are underway for another gala evening of fun and square dancing. Folks in that area should plan to attend and share in the fun and fellowship of the New Year. All square dancers are welcome.

Since it has become quite a task to get information on the activities of the Chowder Club, I can only say that I am aware of the fact that they are still dancing every Tuesday night at the West Dennis Community Building. All of which leads up to the point that I am willing to publish any news and information on square dancers, clubs, dances, classes or other activity. There is no charge involved, however, it is necessary that details reach me before the first of each month.

A letter from Ginny & Manny Corwin, former owners of the Bride China Shop in Hyannis, and also ardent folk and square dancers, informs me that they are finding much fun in the Coral Gables area, and are dancing to the best callers in the country. They wish to be remembered to their many Cape Cod friends and miss much of their good times here, but just can't tolerate temperatures under 70 degrees.

Dick Anderson found a warm welcome and good dancing the accepted thing when he visited and called for the Montpelier Contra Club, Nov. 8, at Barre, Vermont. The lack of a local caller in this area surely does not discourage nor degrade the level of dancing, and maybe because of this fact, Dick was so impressed with the genuine good fellowship of the group.

On the return trip Dick called for members of the Hampden Square Dance Club and their guests at East Longmeadow, Mass. This was a return engagement and one of great pleasure in providing an opportunity to renew old friendships and make many new ones.

Don Heath calls for a New Year's Eve square dance at Community Hall, West Dennis.



GASPARILLA FESTIVAL



Each year in February the cohorts of the famed pirate, Jose Gaspar, re-enact the taking of the City of Tampa. With cutlass, pistol and cannon this colorful crew swarms ashore, demands the surrender of the city and then leads a gala parade through the streets which is witnessed by thousands of spectators who have gathered from all over the country for this event.

Again this season, the Florida Gulf Coast Callers and Teachers Ass'n. is co-operating with the city of Tampa's Recreation Department to sponsor a pre-Gasparilla Square Dance Festival. It will be held in the city auditorium on January 18th and 19th. The Friday night program is geared so as to enable children and beginners to participate. The more experienced dancers join in the fun and many new friends are made for square dancing.

Visiting dancers and callers are invited to attend and seating sections are reserved for spectators.

Work-shops and clinics for both square and round dancing are held Saturday morning and afternoon. The big dance Saturday night is programmed for adults of all dancing levels and the area callers are given a chance to run the gamut of their calling repertoires.

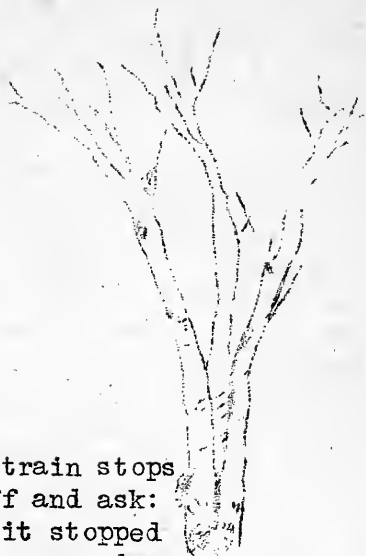


Isabel Ammerman, Publicity

PROM'NEZ

VOUS

By J. Howard Schultz



Whenever we travel and the train stops for a couple of hours, we get off and ask: "where's a square dance?" Well, it stopped in Montreal one time a few years ago and we spent a ten day Christmas vacation and what we found in the way of a Canadian city square dance may be old hat to you, but it was a new kind of fun for us.

I don't mean the square dance with a night club caller in a straw hat on the Mount Royal roof. I don't mean the hall where a French-Canadian called elementary squares for 'teen agers' in English. I don't mean a crowd of dubs in the Set Canadien - a big square around the room for a lot of people with time to waste. This was the so-called Set Americain as the crowd we found have been dancing it, nightly, for the past thirty years - them and their old folks. The crowd was about what you would find at a New England dance - say a couple of hundred clean, homespun, friendly people, mostly 'pore-folks' like us.

Like I say, they dance in the hall every night, from eight until two, one square and three or four round dances, including whatever couple dances are popular. Since two bands alternate, saxes yielding to fiddles for the squares without intermission, square dancers get all the workout they can take. Most dancers get there twice a week, same faces all the time with that turnover. Friendliest people we've ever run

into. When they found we were strangers who didn't even speak good French, the only trouble we had was seeing to it that they didn't do too much for us.

We were taken back when we saw five cops in the hall, but not for long. Their only function seemed to be to serve as floor directors. Came time for a square they started calling in very small shouts for sets on the floor - only it sounded more like "Set aw flow!" That was about all the English we heard. They were careful to see that every set contained one caller, which was easy to do, since most sets contained at least four callers who rotated the honor from dance to dance. The fiddles furnished music for the whole hall; each caller, dancing, set the figure for his square. It might even be a contra. Once the dance started, nothing could be heard but the music, the shuffling feet, and the soft barking of callers all over the floor, each setting a different figure. They expressed some dislike for the regimentation of a single caller for the hall. They saw to it that we danced in the set with their best caller, one Armande LaRocque, whose fluid patter was endless - "Prom'nez vous, chez vous chez vous, prom'nez vous donc!" - and who picked his set out of the hopeful aspirants with baronial condescension.



I finally caught on that the band started with some tune like "Big John McNeil" played for three times as long as one of our squares takes, and then, after a medley of a dozen tunes, came back to whatever they started with. That was the caller's signal to go into his closing turns. When it came his turn to call I

had to fall back on the American figures I know, but though everybody was polite, I could see that the only one that excited them was my (slowed down) version of "Golden Slippers," - new to them. They like 16 measure swings with lots of partner-changing. They swing in very close position, squarely face to face, or more exactly, forehead to forehead. The tempo is about our contra speed, but everything is unhurried. If a couple swings too long, the caller waits politely to start the promenade. On a right-and-left-four, they weave in and out with a smooth tango style, leading with the shoulder. On a grand right and left, each gentleman hands his lady politely by. If somebody misunderstands and goes wrong, the caller is close enough to set him right with a smile and a gesture.

Every dance starts with four steps left, circle eight, and back; allemande, grand right and left. From there on you have to be on your toes. The allemande is followed by an allemande right, allemande left, then grand right and left half way round, meet your own with the right hand round, corner by the left, right hand to partner, and proceed to place with the grand right and left. That much is statutory. One popular figure is split the ring, divide at the head and circle three with the sides in a row - the two circles crossing and recrossing while circling - promenade four direction. Then the head gent and head lady (trailing) pass to the left and circle three, again in a row, crossing and recrossing. Then the heads circle four with the right-hand couples, in a row. Right and left four, half ladies chain and swing. Promenade the gal you swung. Home, and ladies chain back. Swing partners. Second couple down the center and cast off four. This time the figure changes, but I could go on and on like this until you run out of patience.



"Dip and Dive" is done by couples 1, 2, and 3; then 1, 3, and 4; then 1, 4, and 2. If you can't find

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JANUARY 4 - Beginners at 6:15
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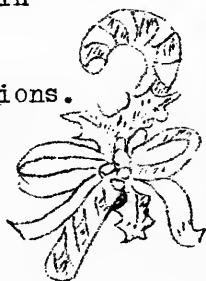
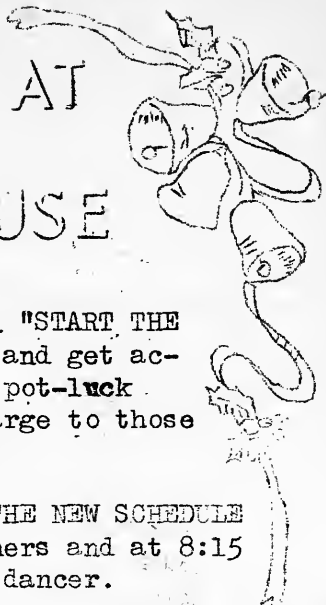
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The night is grand, the music's fine
If you can't get a gal, get a Harvard man

Al Smith

The night's just right for the butterfly whirl
If you can't get a man, get a Sargent gal

Ernie Anderson

HOLIDAY FOOD!



HOLIDAY DATE DESSERT

$1\frac{1}{4}$ cups flour	1 egg
1 cup dates, cut fine	1 tsp soda
1 cup boiling water	1 cup sugar
3 tbs butter	1 tsp baking powder
$\frac{1}{4}$ tsp salt	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts
1 tsp vanilla	

Add soda and boiling water to cut up dates and allow to stand while mixing rest as follows: Cream butter & sugar; add egg and mix well; add date mixture, then flour sifted with salt and baking powder. Add the nut meats that have been floured. Bake in a shallow, well greased pan for 45 minutes at 350 degrees. Serve hot or cold with whipped cream.

CREAM CHEESE TURNOVERS

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb package cream cheese	$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter
2 cups flour	

Beat ingredients together; roll and put into refrigerator for 4 hours; take out, cut and put jam in centers and bake 10 minutes in 400 degree oven.

VERMONT POTATO STUFFING FOR GOOSE OR DUCKLING

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup bacon or salt pork drippings 2 eggs, beaten
 1 cup chopped onion 1 tbs poultry seasoning
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped celery 1 tbs salt
 10 medium potatoes, cooked and riced
 4 slices bread, crumbled $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp pepper
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ tsp monosodium glutamate

Melt fat in frying pan; add onions and celery; cook until soft but not brown. Combine remaining ingredients; add contents of frying pan; mix well. Makes enough stuffing for one 10 to 12 pound goose or two 5 to 6 pound ducklings.

GLAZED, TART CRANBERRY SAUCE

4 cups of cranberries mixed thoroughly with 2 cups of sugar. Place in a covered baking dish - leave plenty of room for them to expand - bake in a 350 degree oven for 30 to 40 minutes, stirring two or three times so sugar will dissolve and not settle on the bottom. This makes a delicious, slightly tart sauce, with a slightly glazed appearance. If you like it sweeter - use a little more sugar.

CRANBERRY FRUIT BREAD

2 cups sifted flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp soda
1 cup sugar	1 tsp salt
$1\frac{1}{2}$ tsp baking powder (double-acting)	Juice & grated rind of 1 orange
2 tbs melted shortening	1 egg well beaten
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts	2 cups fresh cranberries cut in halves

Sift together flour, sugar, baking powder, soda and salt. Combine orange juice, grated rind, melted shortening, and enough water to make $\frac{3}{4}$ cup juice; then

stir in beaten egg. Pour this mixture into the dry ingredients, mixing just enough to dampen. Fold in halved cranberries and nuts. Spoon into greased loaf pan - 9 inches by 5 inches by 3 inches - spreading it evenly making corners and sides slightly higher than center. Bake in moderate oven (350) 50 to 60 minutes. Remove from pan. Cool. Store overnight for easy slicing.

MOLASSES MINT TAFFY

Two cups molasses, 2 tsp vinegar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tbs shortening, $\frac{1}{8}$ tsp salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp soda, 7 drops oil of peppermint. Cook molasses and vinegar slowly, stirring constantly until sirup is brittle when tested in cold water. Remove from fire, add butter, salt and soda. Stir until mixture stops foaming. Pour in a greased pan. When it is cool enough to pull, pour peppermint in center of candy and draw the corner toward the center. Pull until light and firm. Roll in a thin rope, cut in small pieces and wrap in waxed paper.

PEPPERMINT DROPS

Boil 1 pound of sugar and a half pint of water for 5 minutes. When the mixture has begun to boil, add 3 or 4 drops of oil of peppermint or a teaspoon of essence of peppermint. Take from fire and stir rapidly until it begins to look white, then drop from a spoon onto buttered tin or oiled paper. The drops are ready for eating as soon as they are hard.

SWEDISH COOKIES

6 egg yolks	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup shortening
2 cups sifted flour	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar
$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp salt	3 tbs cream
$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp lemon extract	

Separate yolks from white, drop yolks from saucer one at a time into hot, salted water. Simmer until hard

cooked. Sift together flour and salt. Cream shorten - ing; add sugar gradually, egg yolks which have been put through a wire sieve and lemon extract. Blend the cream and sifted dry ingredients alternately into the creamed mixture, beating well after each addition. Roll dough into $1/8$ thickness and cut into desired cooky shapes. Place on greased cooky sheet. Decorate with colored sugar, candied fruit, nuts or coconut. If desired, this dough may be used in a cooky press. The cookies may be shaped into knots by gently rolling a rounded teaspoon of dough on a lightly floured canvas board until about 6" in length and tying in a loose knot. Bake in moderate oven (375) until edges become delicately browned - 6 to 8 minutes for rolled or pressed cookies, 10 to 12 minutes for knots. Makes $5\frac{1}{2}$ dozen.

PORK SAUSAGE DRESSING

$4\frac{1}{2}$ quarts fluffy bread crumbs - $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs pork sausage, well browned - sausage drippings - $2\frac{1}{4}$ cups chopped celery - 3 tbsp chopped onion - 3 tsp salt - $3/4$ tsp pepper - 3 tbsp chopped parsley - $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water.

To bread crumbs add sausage and drippings, celery, onions and salt. Also add pepper, parsley and hot water. Makes enough for a 10 pound turkey, plus an extra bowl for the hungry ones.

DIVINITY FUDGE

2 cups sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup corn sirup. Boil until it will spin a thread that is brittle - about 15 minutes. Beat in stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs. Add 1 pound of walnuts, or $3/4$ cup will do (cut up), just before it is ready to turn into pan.



THE TOWN CRIER



BORN: November 20, a daughter, Jean Elizabeth, to Mr and Mrs Stuart Hamilton *****
 BORN: November 25, a daughter, Becky Jean, to Mr and Mrs Bob McQuillen *****
 BORN: December 7, a son, Donald Theodore, to Mr & Mrs Theodore Sannella *****
 BORN: December 7, a son, Scott Dennis, to Mr and Mrs Dennis Johnson *****
 BORN: December 10, a daughter to Mr & Mrs Wm Schenck

It has become necessary to increase the rates for Scottish Country Dance Classes. As of November 15, 1956, the charge will be \$7.00 for a ticket good for ten admissions, \$0.85 for single admissions for members, and \$1.00 for a single admission to non-members *****
 The Country Dance Society, Boston Branch are planning two special parties: December 15, Christmas Party to be held in Old South Church; December 27, Pre-New Year Eve Party, at the Union Boat Club *****
 Bob Brundage, well known Connecticut caller does the honors January 5th, for the Seacoast Region Square Dance Association, in Dover, N.H. City Auditorium ****
 The Fitchburg, Mass. Quadrille Club informs us that their January dates are the 12th, which will be a club dance, with Hayden Swett as caller, and the 26th when Howie Davison is guest caller *****
 January schedule for the Worcester Quadrille Club is as follows: 7th, with Dick Doyle; 21st with Charlie Lincoln *****
 You always have a good time dancing to Joe Perkin's calling; here's where you will find him in January:

New Year's Eve: 1st Unitarian Church, Salem; 4th, West Andover Congregational Church; 17th, Reading Eaton School; 19th, Marblehead, Abbot Hall and the 25th, again in Salem 1st Unitarian Church. Incidentally Joe has a new address, its RFD # 1, Boxford, Mass. He says it's the same place he's always lived in, but they now have a mail carrier working out of Boxford *

The nationally famous Duquesne University Tamburitzan of Pittsburgh, Penn. make their New Jersey debut under the sponsorship of the East Adriatic Club, Inc. Sunday January 27th, 1957, 8:00 p.m. in the Park Theatre, on 32nd St. Union City, N.J. *****

Sorry to learn about Maude Ashman's accident while at her home in Walpole, Mass. A fall, resulting in a broken leg will keep her sidelined for some time *****

Maurice Hennegar, Dept. of Education, Physical Fitness Branch, of Halifax, Nova Scotia sends word that his department is planning a 2 day "Year End Camp" at Annapolis Royal, December 28-29, especially geared to appeal to those people unfortunate enough not to attend the summer session at Tatamagouche. However this is not the only reason; you should attend if you like to square dance, or if you want some new dance ideas, or because you would like experience in calling squares and contras, or-----just because! *****

...ooOoo.



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hotel & m. board \$2.00 3.00

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